

Joe Harting —

THE HINDS CREAM
GIRL

It's a Familiar Face

to young and old who see the attractive mag-
azines from month to month, or who have

Hinds HONEY and ALMOND *Cream*

in their homes. It's a face that many well-groomed mothers and
daughters have learned to associate with a most agreeable and helpful
means for sustaining a beautiful complexion.

At this season Hinds Cream is especially valuable in preventing or over-
coming roughness, redness and chapping. It may be used freely for it is not greasy or sticky, and cannot
harm even the most delicate skin. It is guaranteed to contain all its advertised ingredients and to conform
to the required standards of purity and quality.

Selling everywhere, or postpaid by us on receipt of price.
Hinds Cream in bottles, 50c; Hinds Cold Cream in tubes, 25c.

Do not take a substitute; there are dealers in every town who will gladly sell you Hinds Cream without attempting to substitute.

Samples will be sent for 2c stamp to pay postage

A. S. HINDS

208 West Street

Portland, Maine

You should try HINDS Honey and Almond Cream SOAP. Highly refined, delightfully fragrant and beneficial. 25c postpaid. No samples.



Nautical

H'E'S our merry Secretary,
And his sailor-heart is staunch
When he navigates his wherry
On the wild South Branch.

He has put our peaceful Navy
In the finest sort of shape
On the beneficial gravy
Of the mild, pure grape.

Aristocracy's distressing
To his Democratic view,
So you'll find our Captain messing
With the whole blamed crew.

He's a kindly innovator,
And his gentleness atones
For the rudeness of Decatur
And of John Paul Jones.

And he wouldn't dream of choosing
A belligerent recruit;
And we mustn't go a-cruising
And we must not shoot;

So in amity befitting
A community of nuns
We are sitting at our knitting
On the twelve-inch guns.

Oh, we hope they'll never shove him
From his Governmental stall,
For we love him, yes, we love him
Like a Cape Horn squall!

And we curry-comb our spaniels
And we welcome him aboard,
For it's jolly Joseph Daniels
Is our First Sea Lord!

Arthur Guiterman.

A Puzzle

The lady of the house was explaining
things to the new maid.

"An' what's this, missus?" asked the
girl, indicating a metal bottle.

"That is a bottle which will keep
things either hot or cold, whichever you
desire," replied the mistress.

"Well, for the land sake!" ejaculated
the girl. "How is it gwine to know
whether you want things hot or cold?"

—Philadelphia Chronicle-Telegraph.

The Telephone Unites the Nation



AT this time, our country looms
large on the world horizon as an
example of the popular faith in the
underlying principles of the republic.

We are truly one people in all that
the forefathers, in their most exalted
moments, meant by that phrase.

In making us a homogeneous people,
the railroad, the telegraph and
the telephone have been important
factors. They have facilitated communication
and intervisiting, bringing us
closer together, giving us a better
understanding and promoting more
intimate relations.

The telephone has played its part
as the situation has required. That it
should have been planned for its
present usefulness is as wonderful as

that the vision of the forefathers should
have beheld the nation as it is today.

At first, the telephone was the voice
of the community. As the population
increased and its interests grew more
varied, the larger task of the telephone
was to connect the communities and
keep all the people in touch, regardless
of local conditions or distance.

The need that the service should be
universal was just as great as that
there should be a common language.
This need defined the duty of the
Bell System.

Inspired by this need and repeatedly
aided by new inventions and
improvements, the Bell System has
become the welder of the nation. It
has made the continent a community.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy

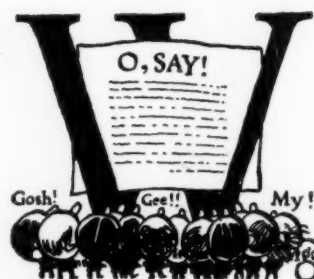
One System

Universal Service

Financiers Wanted

WANTED—Financiers and Fiscalizers. Everywhere. New kind. Special work.
Owing to the escape and retirement of financiers and fiscalizers who have
heretofore been functioning and who have financed and fiscalized our States
and municipalities heavily into debt, there is urgent need of able men who will finance and
fiscalize us all out of debt. Having finished the work of issuing bonds to the utmost
limit of good sense, civic decency and economic righteousness, the time has now come
to retire the said bonds rapidly and permanently and live henceforth upon a pay-as-you-go basis. Unlimited fame and liberal emoluments for right parties. In writing,
state age and previous condition of fiscal servitude. Address P. B. Publico, Ennyburg,
State of Despair, U. S. A.

CALOX
The OXYGEN Tooth Powder
Prevents Decay
Dentists advise its use.
All Druggists, 25 Cents.
Trial Size Can and Booklet sent on
receipt of Five Cents.
McKesson & Robbins, 91-97 Fulton St., New York.



WE ARE PLEASED to state that the announcement made in this page last week, that Life had no intention of issuing another humorous number, has been received by all classes with the greatest imaginable satisfaction.

A prominent reader, who wishes his name withheld, says:

"I have been a regular subscriber to Life for many years and rejoice with you to see that you are firm in your intention not to issue another humorous number. I shall renew my subscription at once."

Only one more suggestion. Will you kindly delay sending in your subscription to Life (for terms see the inevitable coupon) for a week or so, until our circulation department has time to catch up?

Since making our announcement that Life does not intend to publish another humorous number the rush of new subscribers has been too much for us.

Just a little time, please, before you obey that impulse.



\$870 In Prizes

LIFE's great title contest will begin elsewhere in this issue.

First Prize	-	-	\$500
Second Prize	-	-	200
Third Prize	-	-	100
7 Other Prizes, \$10			70
Total	-	-	\$870

Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26). Send LIFE for three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no subscription renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York

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One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.52; Foreign, \$6.04.)



"IT WOULD BE BETTER IF THEY HAD
NEVER MET"

A New Idea?

IF men were as careful about keeping their religion to themselves as they are about their dollars, much of the friction of life would disappear.

CORK STRIP ACROSS BOX

BENSON & HEDGES

London

CIGARETTES

Celebrated for

MILDNESS WITH FLAVOR

LONDON NEW YORK MONTREAL



TRICKS. We will send you two card tricks, very perplexing to onlookers, yet anyone can do them. Also two booklets showing over 100 different Magic Tricks. All for 10c.

E MAGIC SHOP, 44 North 13th Street, Phila., Pa.

"He is wise who is moderate—and he who is moderate is wise."

And it is for the wisely moderate man that we make a wonderfully mild and mellow Whiskey — Wilson — Real Wilson — That's All!

The Whiskey for which we invented the Non-Refillable Bottle.

FREE CLUB RECIPES—Free booklet of famous club recipes for mixed drinks. Address Wilson, 13 East 31st Street, N. Y. That's All!

Canoe Season Here Soon

If you knew the pleasure an "Old Town Canoe" brings at such small cost, you would own one. Any stream or lake becomes your playground—fishing, hunting, camping, vacation and picnic trips are just a few forms of canoeing sport.



"Old Town Canoe"

Catalogue free—write. It tells the whole canoe story by word and picture. How solid and sound "Old Town Canoes" are built—how light and swift and easily managed—how many and varied the models. 4000 new canoes ready—dealers everywhere. Send to-day.

OLD TOWN CANOE CO., 1432 MIDDLE ST., OLD TOWN, MAINE, U. S. A.

Dark Days for the Timid

THESE are dark days for the timid. Everything threatens. War is abroad in the world; to be in it is highly perilous, and to be out of it is to be neutral and heartily disliked and envied by all the participants.

If we don't buy some ships, the tide-waiting exporters will say we are pro-English, and cowards at that. If we do buy them and put government vessels into trade, we are assured on very high authority that we will buy a quarrel with every ship.

If we increase our armament and try to take a few measures for self-protection in case of emergency, the pacifists tell us that we are trifling with our only sure defense, which is our helplessness. If we neglect our armament and let our navy run down, the militarists assure us that the first competent military power that gets mad at us will take anything we have and make us pay for the trouble.

The bankers, the railroads, "the system", the interests and the trusts threaten our liberties and our right to work; the I. W. W., the uplift, the hayseed Democrats and the Socialists threaten our dividends and our right to hire labor; the Single-taxers and the Suffragists threaten the rest of our privileges, political, social, educational and domestic.

If we sit at home the eugenists get after us and drive us out; if we venture out the automobilists chase us from the streets and drive us in.

If we are obtrusively active the efficiency-sharps get after us and say that we are wasting energy; if we rest, they punch us up and say that we are losing time.

If we take a drink the Prohibitionists come with a paste-pot and label us "poisoned"; if we refuse drink, the "good fellows" say it was a pity to have drunk so much in early life.

Parlous times, these; very parlous.

A Good Citizen

MANY attempts have been made to define a good citizen. Here is another:

He is one who always "serves the best interests of the community".

Who "needs no introduction to those of us who", etc.

Who is "untiring in his efforts".

And "single-minded in his perseverance".

Who knows not how to "stoop".

Yet who "rises to every occasion".

While occupied in "a long and honorable career".

Who "lives for his fellow men".

The Most Extraordinary Announcement in the History of the Automobile

CHANDLER SIX \$1295

For the New Season

NOW comes the only high-grade six-cylinder motor car of standard size for less than \$1300. The Chandler! This identical car last summer broke sales records at \$1595 and set the standards of the light six market. Two years ago, lacking many of its present refinements, it was a sensation at \$1785. And yet here it is today, the class and standard-maker of the market, with the price for this season fixed at \$1295. This step establishes the Chandler in a position of leadership which must stand unchallenged.

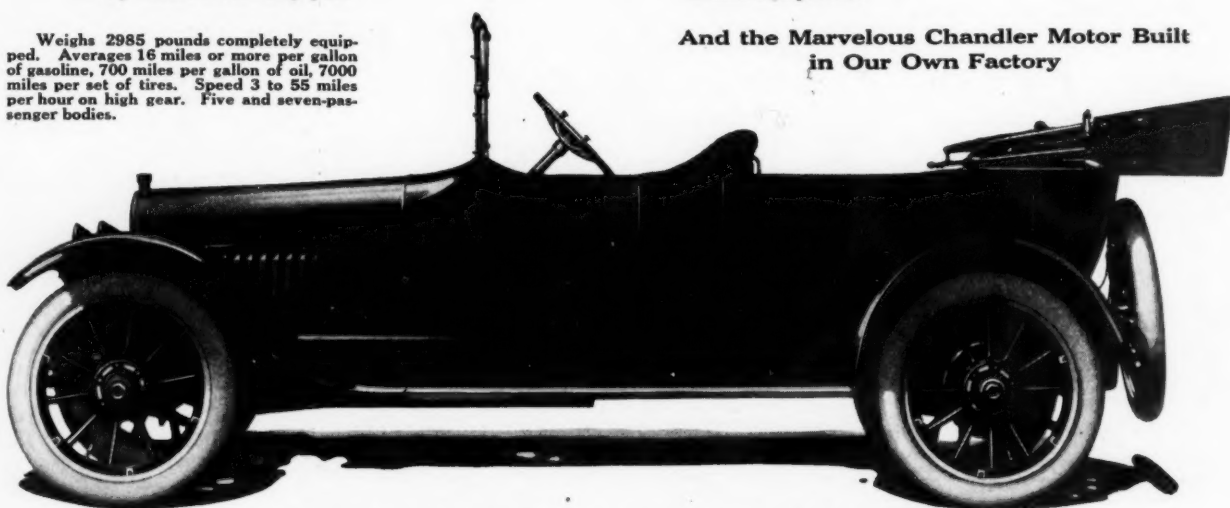
At this new price, the pioneer Chandler retains absolutely every feature of construction and quality that has made it the leader of all light sixes. You will find all these features on the Chandler, and NOT on any other six selling for less than \$2000.

Bosch magneto.
Gray & Davis electric starting motor.
Gray & Davis electric generator.
Enclosed silent chains for driving motor shafts.
Bosch spark plugs.
Mayo genuine Mercedes type radiator.
Rayfield carburetor.
Worm-bevel rear axle.
Cast aluminum motor base extending solidly from frame to frame, giving rigidity to engine mounting; providing pedestals cast integral for magneto, pump and generator; and obviating necessity for dirty, rattly sheet metal drip pan.

Weights 2985 pounds completely equipped. Averages 16 miles or more per gallon of gasoline, 700 miles per gallon of oil, 7000 miles per set of tires. Speed 3 to 55 miles per hour on high gear. Five and seven-passenger bodies.

Imported annular ball-bearings throughout.
Oiling system completely contained within the motor; no outside piping.
Genuine hand-buffed leather (not machine buffed, split or imitation).
Luxurious streamline body, with clean running boards.
Golde patent one-man top, with Jiffy curtains.
Large gasoline tank carried in rear.
Firestone demountable rims.
Motor-driven horn, speedometer and all the usual incidental equipment.

**And the Marvelous Chandler Motor Built
in Our Own Factory**



See the Chandler at your Dealer's Now

or write at once for catalog and we will arrange a demonstration for you.

CHANDLER MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 702-732 East 131st Street, CLEVELAND, OHIO

New York City Office, 1890 Broadway

Cable Address, Chanmotor

LIFE

LENT



Question

SAID my naughty heart to me,
 "What is love but jealousy?
 Calm enough you pass the hours
 Playing 'mid the garden flowers,
 While you know that far away
 He but dreams of you to-day.

"Naught is absence till you fear
 That he finds another dear.
 Naught is parting till you guess
 He has other happiness."
 Said my naughty heart to me,
 "What is love but jealousy?"

L. L. E.



AN EARLY SPRING

New York the Hated City

IT is a pity New York is so unpopular throughout the country. The prevailing opinion west of the Hudson River is that New York is a hog. That is because so much money finds its way there, and so many rich people go there to live. People feel that New York gets an undue proportion of what the country produces. They don't like it, and some of them practice all the arts they know to stop it.

The trouble, the only trouble, with New York is that it is the commercial capital of the United States. If that is a fault, it is a geographical fault, and not a moral one. There is no more reason for hating New York because it is the country's commercial capital than there is for hating Washington because it is the country's political capital. What saves Washington from general execration is that its governing population continually shifts. The important people in Washington go there to hold office and get out when they have finished. The same process goes on continually in New York, but not so completely. New people are all the time coming to New York from all parts of the country to gain and hold office in commercial government, but they stay longer than officeholders stay in Washington, and they are not so sure to go back home when they have finished their work. A good many of them get to like the place and stay on and raise their families here, and their descendants get to feel that it is the Only Place and hang on to it as long as they can keep their grip on a limb.

Now, that is a pity. If the facilities were better for detaching folks from New York when they have finished their work there and sending them back where they belong, there would not be this general jealousy of New York any more than of Washington. The country would feel that it owned New York, as it does, instead of feeling that New York owns the country. Being a great city, New York is a great school, and observant people learn certain things merely by



THE FLESH IS WEAK

"WELL, THERE'S NO TELLIN'—IF I HED THE MONEY—I MIGHT"

living in it. If their knowledge could be better diffused throughout the country it would be a real help to American civilization. If Foundation-heckler Walsh or the Rev. Billy Sunday, or some other authorized improver who condemns New York, could contrive that residence in New York should be limited to each observer to ten years and such a further period as he can show satisfactory excuse for being there, it would assist to a wholesome shifting of population, especially if the instructed New Yorkers who were sent away could be methodically replaced by selected citizens from the South and West who need the discipline and enlargement of metropolitan life. But, of course, that would be hard to compass without more interference with the liberty of the individual than the Americans are used to. The Germans would arrange it easily, but if attempted here it would require an amendment to the Constitution or such an extension of the post-road or

police powers of the Federal Government as might be a scandal.

As it is, and by the natural laws of living, population does flow out of New York as well as into it, but the outflow is slower than the inflow, so that the city grows and is bigger and richer every year, and therefore more reprehensible in the eyes of neighbors. The fact that the bigger and handsomer and livelier it is, the more it attracts visitors, does nothing, apparently, to mitigate it in the eyes of beholders. The more they like it, the more they seem to feel that it is an imposition on the rest of the country that it should be so likeable.

E. S. Martin.

FIRST EDITOR: I've just put a lot of prospective advertisers on our free list.

SECOND EDITOR: Then I'll dash off an announcement that our circulation is increasing rapidly.



UNTIL EASTER

The Real Thing

"IF it wasn't for us," said the wheels to the chassis, "the rest of you couldn't go far. We not only support all of you, but how well we do it—with what little friction."

"Perhaps you might mention," said the transmission, "that it is only through me that you turn around. You couldn't move a fraction of an inch on your own volition; we communicate the ability that makes you turn around."

"And who drives you?" said the piston-rod. "I should like to know what any of you could do without me. I'm the main guy."

"Which amuses me immensely," said the cylinder ring. "If I were not perfectly adjusted you'd easily lose half your strength; if I were not on the job constantly none of you could get a move on."

"And who presses you together and makes your compression?" asked the cylinder.

"And who goes off at the right moment and sends you forward?" said the gasoline vapor.

"And who sends you off?" said the electric spark.

"Me," said the switch button. "But seriously, friends, while the glory belongs to all, the fact is we were thought of by a man—"

"Which I put up," whispered the protoplasm.

At which the sun, fanning himself vigorously, was inclined to smile.

"Sometimes," he spluttered to himself, "I really believe it is not necessary for me to keep all those atoms going; once having started them, they move along just by the force of their own egotism."

Comrades

DIMPLETON: I don't think you ought to go to the movies this evening, Bobbie. They don't do you any good. They are a very bad influence.

BOBBIE: Just this once, Dad?

"Well, just this once, then."

"See you later."

Minimum Wage for Cooks

OUR great reform, involving, as it does, nearly a million households, is now being talked of in all domestic circles. The testimony taken yesterday before our commission was highly significant. One cook lady wrote:

I am fifty years old and have no grandmother. I was born in Dublin and New York, but since then I have spent my time paying one-night stands in the suburbs. It's shameful the way us ladies is treated. I get only thirty-five dollars a month and my expenses. Last week a woman had the nerve to ask me to freeze ice cream. I froze her with a look. After paying my postage and the alterations on clothes, my missus gives me the church fund. I rarely have more than twenty-five dollars a month to call me own. But I want to be fair; I have me freedom, which is more than shop girls can say.

This heart-rending story was read in silence, and at the conclusion there was not a dry eye in the room. You could also have heard a belying-pin drop.

"It is evident that there ought to be a minimum wage for all cooks," said Mrs. J. Ulster Hampink, president of the commission. "The question is often asked me, why don't cooks go out as factory girls or shop girls? That they value their independence is, of course, a large factor. But there are other causes, such as their love for breaking china, their fondness for milk and their enjoyment of the sufferings of others—a fundamental human trait."



"WHAT'S THE MATTER, LITTLE BOY? ARE YOU LOST?"
 "NO, BUT GRAN'MA IS. I TOLD HER NOT TO LET GO MY HAND."

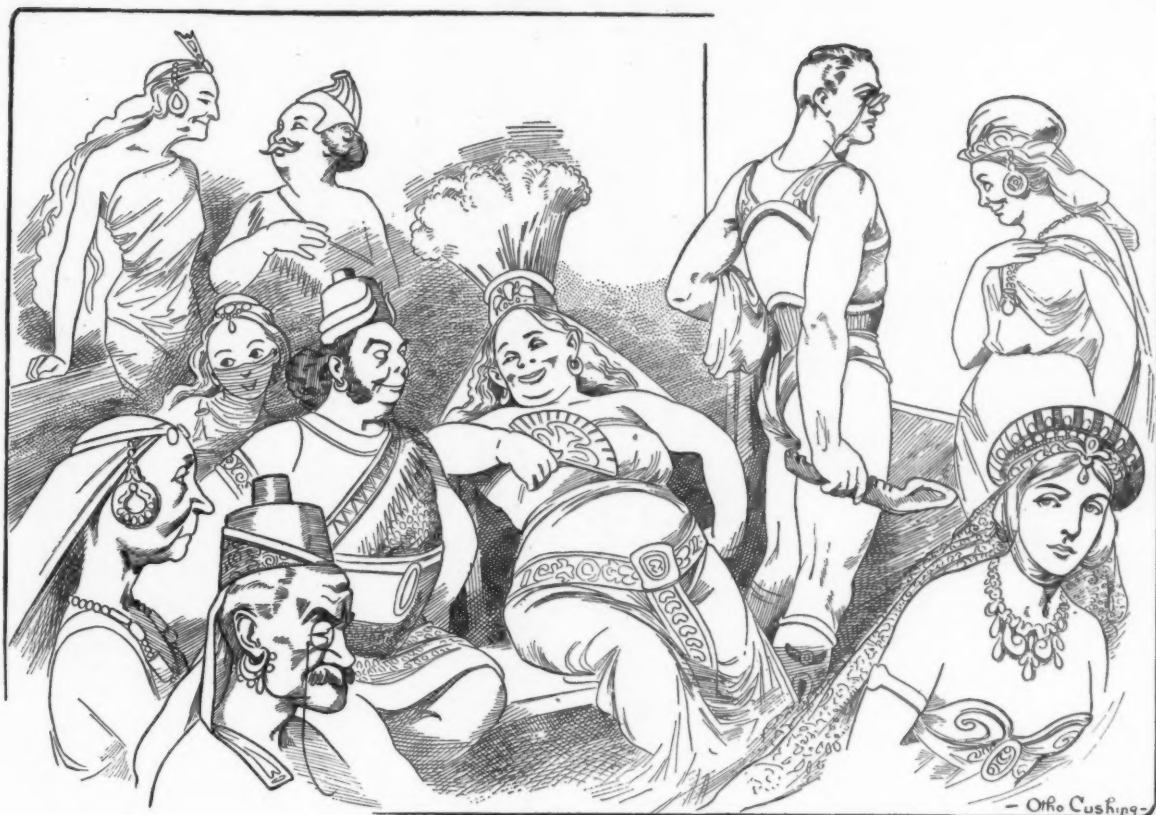


PALS

Flower Song

THIS is the rose, it is all passion's bloom,
 Crimson with love and heavy with perfume.
 The lily is a mystic, dreaming still
 Of the three crosses on the twilight hill.
 The night shade is a sorceress, who far
 Lures the poor lover, like a misty star.
 The sweet pea is a fairy scarcely bound
 To stay and blossom in the garden-ground.
 The pansy is a scholar with no thought
 Save of the manner that the world was wrought.
 The tuberose a nun, the tulips bright
 Blithe cavaliers, the orchids, women light
 And strange, of other lands; but dearest yet
 Is the sweet, simple, purple violet,
 Which has no odd enchantments, no rare art,
 But is the flower of the tender heart!

Leolyn Louise Everett.



A "SAMSON ET DALILA" AUDIENCE

(TO BE EN RÈGLE THIS SEASON GOWNS MUST ACCORD WITH THE MUSIC)

On Life's Wire

"HELLO, LIFE? This is the Philippines."

"Glad to hear your voice. How are our Oriental dependencies this morning?"

"Pretty fair. But this thing of being dependencies is no fun. You know that yourself. Ask any Daughter of the Revolution you meet if it wasn't a good thing for you to get away from England. How soon do you think we may become independencies?"

"That is problematical, Philippines. There are so many things to be taken into consideration. Religion, for instance. If we could only be sure that you held the same opinion as we do about the future life—"

"What difference does that make?"

"Lots of difference. And there is the matter of the flag. If we could

only get the flag away from you without hauling it down. You know the old tradition about hauling down the flag and all that."

"You hauled it down in Mexico."

"Oh, that was different. It hadn't been up there very long. And besides we are not feeling quite so world-powerish as when we acquired you."

"Well, then, why don't you withdraw your troops and your officials and let us alone?"

"Easier said than done, Philippines. Nations form bad habits quite as easily as individuals do. We have the habit now and it is hard to break it."

"Have you any idea what it costs you to govern us?"

"Heavens, no! We are afraid to figure it up. We just assume you are a good investment and let it go at that."

"But aren't my rights and feelings to be considered at all?"

"You don't understand, Philippines. It is this way. Independence—"

"Independence is more blessed to receive than to give."

"Perhaps so. But you can't expect us to worry about your rights as much as about our own."

"No; but if the truth were known, you would be better off without your Oriental dependencies."

"No doubt of it, Philippines. Personally we have always looked upon you as one of our leading mistakes."

"Yes; but you don't throw your heart and soul into correcting it."

"There is so much to be corrected, Philippines, that we haven't enough to go around. But there is hope."

"Thanks for small favors, LIFE. We'll try to be patient. Good-bye."

"Good-bye. Here's hoping we can soon say good-bye forever."



(This picture has no title)

What Has Just Been Said?

What Has Just Been Said?

For the Best Answer to the picture on the opposite page, LIFE will give \$500.

For the Second best, \$200.

For the Third best, \$100.

Seven other prizes of \$10 each will be awarded.

Total Amount \$870.

Conditions of the Contest

The title, with sub-title, or in whatever form submitted, must not exceed twenty words, and may be either original or a quotation. The paper upon which the title is sent should contain nothing but the title, with the name and address of the author in the upper left-hand corner. If this rule is violated the judges reserve the right to debar the contribution.

Manuscripts should be addressed to

*The Contest Editor of LIFE,
17 West 31st Street,
New York.*

Contributions addressed in any other way will not be considered.

All titles submitted must be at LIFE office not later than Saturday, April 24. The contest will close at noon of that date. Within one week from April 24 checks will be sent to the winners.

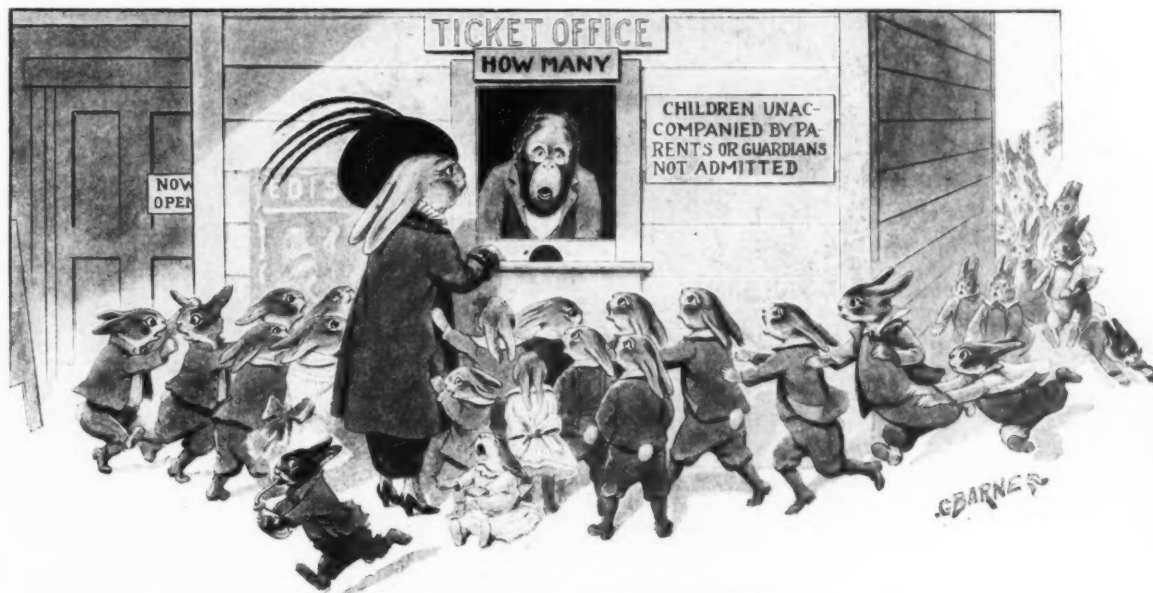
Announcement of winners will be made in LIFE's issue of May 13.

It is not necessary to be a subscriber to LIFE in order to compete. The contest is open free to every one.

Only one title from each contestant will be considered.

No manuscripts will be returned.

The editors of LIFE will be the judges. They will award the prizes to the titles which, in their judgment, are the most deserving.



THE BUNNY FAMILY GOES TO THE MOVIES

Ticket Agent: MADAM, WILL YOU SWEAR THESE ARE ALL YOUR CHILDREN?
"OH, DEAR, NO! MY HUSBAND WILL COME LATER WITH THE OTHERS."



HIS DAILY EXERCISE

If They Told the Truth

"HOW are you, Miss Smith? How cheap and vulgar you are looking to-day!"

"I always get tired, dear, when I have been kissing you steadily for three-quarters of an hour."

"My price to you for the operation is one thousand dollars. To almost anybody else it would be a couple of hundred."

"Yes, thank you, I never slept worse or in a worse bed than yours."

"Can you let me have two good seats, please?"

"No, madam. All the good seats have been sold to speculators. But I can let you have a couple of poor ones at twice what they are worth."

BAKER: Is Manning a successful parent?

BARKER: Inded, yes! Able to support his family in the style to which their friends are accustomed.

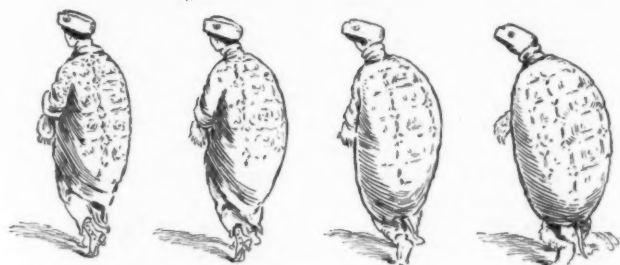
MANY a man thinks he is mounting the ladder of fame when he is merely running a treadmill.



FUTURE PUNISHMENT OF THE SPEED FIEND



"BY JOVE, I'M GLAD YOU CAME IN! I WAS DREAMING I MARRIED A SUFFRAGETTE"



WHAT HAPPENED TO MRS. TRYALL AFTER TAKING THE TURTLE-SERUM TREATMENT

Never Shirked Homicide

IN spite of Dr. Dernberg's assurance that the Germans love the Belgians, the German record in Belgium, as its details transpire, continues to remind readers of the *Evening Sun's* friend Pete, who had "peddled electric belts, sold phony stock to widows and robbed poor-boxes, and homicide, raw or refined, had never been shirked either as a duty or a pleasure".

FOR amateur gardeners the surest way to tell the weeds from the flowers is to pull them all out. The ones that come up again are the weeds.

Letters of a Japanese School-boy

The Rev. Billy Sunday

To Editor "Life Moving Picture Paper" who permit a reasonable amount of insanity to all human races,

DEAREST SIR:—

Quite recently of yore my cousin Nogi approach to me and report,

"Togo," he say it, "as travelling delegate from Young Men's Heathen Association, Tokyo, I wish to see some American religion and learn what make him so superior to other brands of idolotry."

"Follow my feet steps for see," I report fearlully. "There are very high priesthood Christian gentleman making speech-talk in Odd Fellers Hall. Last year he manufacture 100,000 converts, so he must be most important Christian to study."

"I shall go and learn so I can tell Japan how do it," negotiate Nogi. "What are name of this great piety?"

"Rev. Wm Sunday," I stob. "His first name are pronounced Billy, as in goat."

"You should not speak such illreverence of dignified clergy," Nogi otter shockly. Me & Nogi put on frock-coatish uniform to resemble quiet respect for church, then we sonter fourth, making our hands crossed for righteousness.

We are very hushed when we approach up to Odd Fellers Hall. But great feel of puzzle filled our hats when we observe electric lighting signal in red & green,

BIG SHOW TO-NIGHT!!!

REV. BILLY SUNDAY

in

SOAKING SATAN.

"That might sound very reverential in Japanese," Nogi corrugate.

"It might but would it?" are next question for me while we are ushered into that religious hall amidst pipe-organ playing "I'm Glad My Wife's in Europe".

Gentleman what sat in National League pew next by me holla, "Line 'er out, Bill!" while one clergy gentleman hopp to pulpit with baseball leg. Before speech this clergy make Christy Mathewson expression of elbows, throw highball in Gen. Direction of heaven, then he spat three catches with hands and spoke,

"Three and out!"

"Bully for Billy!" exclaim the choir while Hon. Pip-organ outburst, "Sister Susie's Saving Souls from Satan."



"Me and Nogi put on frock-coatish uniform"

"This are Rev. Wm. Sunday," pronounce deaconish Y. M. C. A. next by me.

"I know him by the sound," is bright report I make.

Hon. Rev. Bill step forwards and make umpire thumbs.

"Get in and root for Heaven, you four flushers," he commence reverentially, "Now is time for the big game, Angel Whites vs Red Rovers. I want to put in a champeen boost for God to-night. I want to explain to youse Guys how Kingdom of Heaven ain't no cinch—will you kindly see?—you got to have season ticket, pay in advance, step lively, knock a great big bingle for home run Charlie ere you can obtain a gate-check for a harp and wear a crown of glory."

Great sensational enjoyed by all while Hon. Wm execute 2 side-step

amidst knee-crack while he hold up hymn-book with two-handed expression peculiar to Hon. Tie Cobb.

"Play ball!!" he preach. "Hon. Devvil are in the box, Hon. World behind plate, Hon. Booze at first base. We must worry! Hon. Rev Billy Sunday are at batt with gospel to do all necessary knocking. Soak 'er in, Hon. Satan! Ball first! Maybe you fool them, but very soonly I shall be enabled to analyze your curvature. Ball two!" (Hon. Bill swung great swop with book.) "Another hellish scorch got passed me—I shall get you yet, Desperado Desmond! Old Sate can pitch brush league game, but he got glassy arm, Charliesteed leg and other deformities." (Hon. Sunday jounce up book more seriously than before.) "Come on, you Dev!" (He make enlarged swung by book.) "Ah! Fairish ball!" (With those words he commence running rampage around pulpit where he slide skillfully on the seat of his stummick and touch fingers to wood. Loudy cheers of "Bully for Billy!" from elsewhere.)

"That are way," this eminent divine report, arising uply and brushing dusts from his frockaway coat, "that are way for sinners to obtain eternal happiness. If you wish St Pete to punch your meal-ticket you got to crack the pill between the eyes. We will now sing Old Hundred—and I don't want no shorty-sports to sing Ninety-and-Nine so they can save 1% on salvation."

While this music ensue considerable ushes pass down isle and took collection to which me & Nogi do not remember to contribute. This are only resemblance between Rev. Sunday and actual church. After this religious finance are completed that Rev. Mr. uprose, took water-



"Hon. Devil are in the box"

drink for throat and continue onwards,

"After this exhibition, how many sinners in this amphitheater wish to approach grace, lead better life & be saved?"

1,111 sinful looking persons leapt to their feetwear.

"Form in line to right and Hon. Gatekeeper will hand you tickets, Admit One to Throne," commute Hon. Sunday while me & Nogi escape outwards for fear we might become Christians without knowing it.

"What will those sinners be saved from when saved?" my Cousin Nogi require cowcattishly.

"Baseball perhapsly," I negotiate.

"Why do they seem so happy and full of shine?" is next from him.

"They got religion," I arrogate.

"What shall they do with it when got?" he answer.

I could not say reply sufficiently low for his intelligence, so I dib not.

"Do such Christian baseballs make cities more pure?" he encroach.

"Perhapsly," I narrate, "and perhapsly it would be more better to enforce Sunday-closing law."

Nogi heard this looking quite dizzy. Hoping you are the same

Yours truly

HASHIMURA TOGO.

(Per Wallace Irwin.)

DO not hoard your money. Let the banks hoard it.

A New Song for Marching Soldiers

London newspaper item: "Some of the British clergy regard 'Tipperary' as an absurd and undignified marching song and express surprise that some one has not brought forward an ode that expresses the sober mind of the nation."

AWAY! Self-indulgence!
Unchastened acquisitiveness
Shame be your watchword!
And palsied your initiative!
Forward for Liberty!
What matter the hazard?
Let's strike at Autocracy
And Theological Error.

Chorus.

*Distressed beyond measure
We soldiers are marching,
Confirmed in the efficacy
Of national righteousness.*

What matter our rations,
The carnal and sensuous
Delights of tobacco
And starch-forming jams?
When Huns in their villainy
Deface our cathedrals
And render irreplaceable
Several really magnificent canvases of
the mediæval masters!

(The last two lines are to be sung
when going into action.)

Robson Black.

Overheard in a Family

"PLEASE shut that door!"

"You wait! I'll get even with you!"

"I never knew her to be on time."

"You're the biggest fool I know."

"Mother, can't I have just a little more?"

"Now, who's been at the side-board?"

"He'll catch his death of cold."

"What makes Daddy so late?"

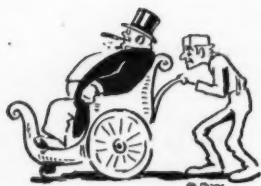
"How could you! My new table-cloth!"

"I don't see anything the matter with her cooking."

"Don't ever speak to me again!"

"Muth-her!"

The Right to a Job



"I BELIEVE every able-bodied man has a right to a job," said Mr. Daniel Guggenheim before the Industrial Relations Commission. "The man who asks for work has a right to it."

Spoken like a man and a philanthropist. There only remains to determine what it means. What is a right, anyway? If an involuntarily unemployed man has a right to a job, then he has a right to something he can't get, which comes as near being a contradiction in terms as anything we have ever seen in a magnate's testimony. If "the man who asks for work has a right to it", why doesn't he take it without asking? He undoubtedly has the right to ask for a job, provided the boss isn't too busy to see him. He also has the right to have somebody give him a job. On the other hand, anybody has the right to refuse him a job. And so, lest the impression go forth that Mr. Guggenheim has said nothing at all, we move to amend his statement as follows:

"I believe every able-bodied man has a right to a job if he can get it. The man who asks for work has a right to have it given to him."

E. O. J.

American Manners

Taken all around, the average American is mannerless.—Professor Sumechrast, in "Americans and Britons".

AS to all an average American is, might be a difficult question for the professor to answer. He should have said, "All Americans are mannerless", which might have been closer to his real thought.

The Americans are too busy making money to be quite mannerless. They are not generally offensive or brutal in the way the Germans are, or overbearing the way English-



SUBSTANCE AND FORM

THE GUY THAT PUT THE SOUL IN SOLDIER

men are likely to be. They are almost invariably good-natured and keen to profit by lessons they learn. But their offhandedness is frequently deceptive and conveys the impression that they are worse mannered than they really are.

The Americans are not bad people to meet. As a rule, their manners are much better than their children's. This seems not to be saying too much, but, then, American children are young yet. Give them a chance to grow up.

Last Resort

"WELL, we have exhausted reason, logic, common sense and justice. What more can we do?"

"I guess we'll simply have to go to law."



BIFF!



Percival: I WILL NEVER HIT YOU BACK, BECAUSE I PROMISED MAMMA NEVER TO STRIKE A PLAYMATE, BUT—



HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT?



SOME WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE AT JUMPING ROCK HORSE-SHOW

READING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: MISS CILLEY MANNERS, THE DUKE OF DEBTMORE, MRS. BILLY DE GENERITT, MR. AWLE KNIGHT ROUNDER, MR. POORE PAY, THE DUCHESS OF DEBTMORE, MISS FRISKIE GADDING

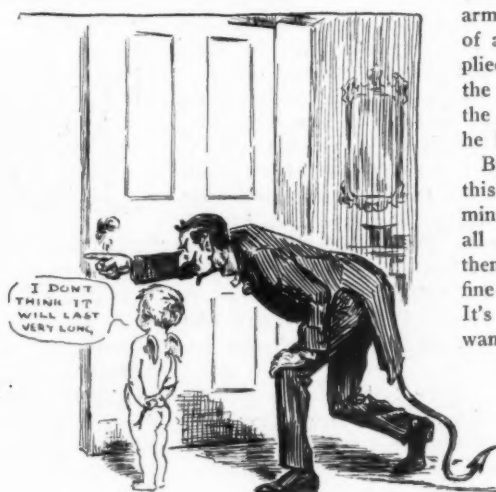
Mean

HARDUPPE: Flubbub is pretty mean, isn't he?
BORROWWELL: Mean? Why, say, that fellow is mean enough to have his name engraved on the handle of his umbrella.

Minor Details

WE are surprised that the Belgian city of Courtrai should protest against certain peculiarities of the German rule. It seems that Courtrai has had two German governors. The first one ordered all the arms deposited in the tower of Broel under threat of a heavy penalty. This order having been complied with, the second governor discovered where the arms had been deposited and thereupon fined the city \$2,500,000 because the deposit of arms, as he humorously put it, was "clandestine".

But our Belgian friends ought to understand by this time that this is a mere detail of German administration. If the first governor had ordered all the arms deposited on the roofs of houses, then the second governor would have imposed the fine on the ground that they were too "candid". It's a poor rule that doesn't work any way you want, when you are looting a helpless people.



LENT

A. B. WALKER

THE SUCCESSFUL SUITOR

Just the Place

NODD: How is the music in the Bing-bang restaurant?

TODD: Wonderful! I was in there with my wife for an hour the other evening and couldn't hear a word she said.



FEBRUARY 18, 1915

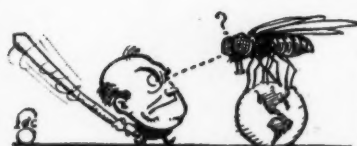
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IT is a question whether we should thank Mr. Francis P. Walsh for providing us with so much entertainment, or chide him for burdening the newspapers with so much matter desirable to read when they were already giving us so much more than we had time for. Probably we should thank him. With the assistance of the newspapers he has conducted a great free show, in which some of the most interesting performers in the country have participated. What the ostensible purpose of it was, one almost forgets to enquire. That we know any more about the effect of rich foundations on industrial relations than when Mr. Walsh's enquiries began may be disputed, but we have heard a lot of interesting talk from interesting men and women, and we know them all better for having listened.

Thanks to Mr. Walsh, Henry Ford, of Detroit, is less than ever a stranger to us. We are glad to know Mr. Ford better; glad to have a better acquaintance with Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and Mother Jones; interested, if not glad, to have our impression confirmed that mining life in Colorado has not been all one glad, sweet song; interested to hear from the new "Mr. Morgan" and to learn that at the age of forty-eight and having only lately come by inheritance to the full responsibilities of a great place, his mind is still chiefly occupied with the duties of his business job and his views on many large questions outside of it have

not yet sufficiently crystallized to be imparted to the public. The concentration of Mr. Morgan's mind seemed to disappoint some of the commentators, but, after all, when a man's employment is important, due concentration on the facts of it is excusable for a good while. Perhaps in another ten years, if times are good, Mr. Morgan's concentration may relax a little and he may become like Henry Ford and the rest of us, a universal philosopher, with an answer to every question and a theory for every case.



MR. WALSH'S prize witness was Mr. Carnegie. The theory used to be offered some times that Mr. Carnegie got rich by the use of other men's brains. So he did; but it was no accident. He is a great user of men. He used Mr. Walsh and his commission just as though he had ordered it sent home from the shop. Cheerful and benignant at eighty years, he took charge of Mr. Walsh's investigation, read an interesting story, gave himself a first-class notice, joked everybody, answered all questions and went smiling away amid tumultuous applause.

He said he had given away three hundred and twenty-five million dollars. Of course it is a joke on mankind that he ever had such a mass of money to distribute. Of course he is very much a joke altogether. But the

joke seems all to be on us. It is not on him. It was, a good deal; but he has managed to get from under it. His acquisition of three hundred and fifty million income-yielding dollars, free of care for its management, was astounding, but hardly less astounding was his prompt appreciation that that was too much baggage and too much power for a wayfarer in this world, and his development of such a power of detachment that he was able to unload almost all of it without much disturbing the order of the world, without incurring obloquy and without visible damage to his own peace of mind. He is a much spryer man than Mr. Rockefeller, who has also, no doubt, felt over-encumbered, but has not had an equal success in extrication.

As for the foundations that these two serio-comic experts have established, Chairman Walsh will doubtless leave them just where he found them. They are creatures without souls, and subject to the dangers of that condition. Mr. Walsh has got an advertisement out of them; a number of worthy people get incomes out of them; they have helped to relieve their founders of money, and in other respects they have, so far, been a benefit without appreciable drawbacks. They make good targets, and that is useful, and any time they come to look dangerous to a majority of our patriots, some more benighted country can doubtless be found to take them off our hands.



THE enthusiastic delegate to the thirty-sixth convention of the New York City Federation of Women's Clubs who introduced a resolution to re-name Central Park after Woodrow Wilson, advocated this unusual honor to the President "on account of his far-sighted statesmanship in dealing with the Mexican situation and keeping this country peaceful in these barbarous times".

The ladies (fifteen hundred of them)



"I'M SORRY YOU'RE GOING, ELIHU"

laid this resolution on the table, and indeed it was premature, for, aside from the fact that when Central Park's name is changed we expect to name it after a resident of this city now living at Oyster Bay, the Mexican situation is not yet working out suitably to encourage anyone to name real estate after anyone in any way responsible for it. If the Kaiser, in view of Mr. Wilson's far-sighted dealings with Mexico, should send him the Iron Cross of the second class, persuasive arguments might be offered him to accept it.

However, no one that has no property in Mexico, nor friends there, nor concern about anything there, living or dead, should be discouraged. Just now things thereabouts are rather at loose

ends. There are about four Presidents of one kind or another, and armies, chieftains, bandits and tax-collectors, all active. And one reads that the Yaqui Indians are resuming charge of some districts, and that all the diplomats are preparing to retire, and all that is trying. Nevertheless, this may be the clearing-up shower in Mexican affairs. The main hope that Mexico would right herself has lain for many months in Villa. He is not dead yet. If he really has it in him to clean up the other bandits and re-establish government, this is his chance. He has been quoted as saying that he can demonstrate his capacity for this work by the middle of March. That is not far off, but his friends should urge him to try to be punctual. A sudden

stoppage of the war in Europe before he has got anywhere might result in a good deal of embarrassment about Mexican matters.



NOT even to secure to Mexico indefinitely the blessings of the *status quo* would one wish the war in Europe to be continued. There are days now when it seems as if the end of it may be approaching. Talk of years more of it may be valuable for military purposes, but talk of months begins to sound more reasonable. Government appropriation of all food supplies in Germany means something; Admiral von Tirpitz's announcement of a blockade by submarines of the British and French coasts means something. Neither of these measures is adapted to reduce insurance rates on the Hohenzollern government. Both of them savor of a tight pinch. The news we get at this writing from the Eastern front is of heavy fighting and heavy losses, but not of German successes, nor of any prospective detachment of German troops from the East to secure a postponement of moving day in Belgium. There is yet to see what submarines or other German naval machinery can do to keep Kitchener's new troops out of France, but the apparent facts are that the Allies hold everywhere; that their prospective resources are ample; that the chances of help from Rumania, Greece and Italy are in their favor, and that the spring activities, once they get going, may bring the end of the war into open sight.

We get much scolded by some of the British brethren. If we try to be neutral they say we are hogging for dollars.

Never mind; never mind! This great fight in which we are bystanders is a hard fight. To put a straight-jacket on an afflicted nation of seventy million people is a big, rough job that breeds bad words. Heaven strengthen every hand that is busy with it. If apologies are due us they can wait.



Marathon Race
Won by
The Kaiser



Discus Throwing
Won by
Uncle Sam

Turkey
Shoot
Won by
The Czar



Hurdles
Won by
Go. F. Albans



Chinese Puzzle
Won by

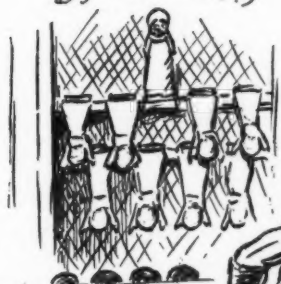


Pigeon
Shoot
won by
The Kaiser



Pole Vault
won by
The Crown Prince

Sit The (Belgian) Babies
won by
The Kaiser



Sword Swallowing
won by
Landsturm



Chinese Puzzle
won by Japan



Putting the Shot
won by John Bull





Shakespeare, Dancing and German Spies

NOWADAYS we have to have our Shakespeare very heavily sugar-coated with scenic accessories. Mr. Mantell's productions, being intended for transportation from place to place, and showing some evidences of wear and tear, do not entirely satisfy a generation born without imaginations and able to supply nothing to pictures that are not literally perfect. Mr. Mantell sees fit, presumably for business reasons, to travel with a large repertory of Shakespearean and classical plays. It is not within reason that his settings or the accomplishments of his company should be able to satisfy the exactions of the spoiled New York public. New York expects to see Shakespeare produced with all the lavish expenditure bestowed upon the girl-and-music shows with which it is more familiar.

Abandoning this standard, it will be found by comparison with the Shakespearean productions that earlier generations in America found adequate, Mr. Mantell does very well indeed. He conforms to the English provincial conventions and traditions in the rendering of the text. These methods are responsible for most of the fun made of the old-time Shakespearean actor, and the elocution of some of the members of Mr. Mantell's company is more suggestive of that than of a musical declamation of the classic verse and speeches.

But we should be grateful to Mr. Mantell for his courage in continuing to present the plays of Shakespeare to a country which without some such persistence would rarely see the classics performed. He must provide the education for a generation of actors who know little of elocution, and the surprise is not that in this particular they are no better than they are, but that they are no worse. The most surprising thing is that Mr. Mantell can continue season after season to present Shakespeare at all on an entirely commercial basis without endowment or subsidy.



ABOUT the productions at the Punch and Judy Theatre, judging by the two so far put in evidence, there is a dilettante atmosphere which seems to have a sort of depressing effect on artists and audience alike. The lack of real appeal in Mr. Sutro's "The Clever Ones", the second play produced, seems hardly to account for the numbing effect on the abilities of a company including such competent and experienced performers as Annie Hughes, Louise Closser



GRACE BEFORE MEAT

Hale, Beatrice Prentice and Messrs. Edward Emery, Russ Whytal and Herbert Yost. The amateurishness of Mr. Charles Hopkins and Mrs. Hopkins, who have the principal rôles and, despite the latter's personal attractiveness, is something of a burden, but even that, combined with the slenderness of the play, can hardly account for the commonplace quality of the results attained with so much good acting material and so much evidently conscientious effort. It may be that, in the effort to get away from the conventional in planning and decorating the theatre, its designers have destroyed the theatrical and festive atmosphere which would prevail in an auditorium less severe and angular. This apparently unimportant element would be negligible in the case of pronounced success or failure, but it may be a potent influence where the balance of judgment is easily influenced.



DANCING is such a number one interest just now that it would seem greater favor than that provoked by Mme. Anna Pavlova and her company at the Century should attach to an entertainment made up entirely of dancing. To be sure, the form in which she exploits her art is not the same as that which has turned every restaurant and hotel into a dance hall. The ballet is perhaps too

abstract and poetic form of the saltatory art to interest the tangoers and turkey-trotters, particularly when they are expected only to witness and not to join in the proceedings.

Another explanation of the failure of the Pavlova programmes to be sufficient for a whole evening's entertainment is that she is practically the whole exhibition. Her management has failed to supplement her unquestioned ability to delight an audience with enough other material to save the spectator from the weariness of the long waits incident to her physical inability to be constantly on view. Her company is a small and not brilliant one of minor dancers.

THE first of the war plays to reach us, and, of course, there are bound to be many, is "The White Feather", which, under another title, is a continuing success in London. It is a parlor melodrama, inspired by the tremendous English interest in the matter of German spies. It shows a clever matching of wits between a nest of Germans conducting a boarding-house in an English seacoast town and representatives of the British admiralty office, who are seeking to foil them.

In our neutral country some of the balderdash and the rough spots of the play are more obvious than they would be in London, where the theme is more

completely absorbing. But "The White Feather" is dramatic, stirring and very well acted. Mr. Leslie Faber is excellent as the Englishman who is alternately a silly ass and a very competent secret service official. Among the women the honors go to Cynthia Brooke as a German mother, Elaine Inescort, a comely helper on the British side, and Mabel

Reid, a German spinster who as a governess in British families has for twenty years used her eyes and ears for the German Government.

"The White Feather" is up to the minute and quite worth seeing, particularly as it is likely to incite a British-German row as a side entertainment.

Metcalfe.



Astor.—"Hello, Broadway!" A Chicago man who saw the piece said: "We wouldn't tolerate this for a minute in Chicago." Which shows that the Chicago man didn't know how funny the personal affairs of Messrs. Cohan and Collier are to New Yorkers.

Belasco.—Frances Starr in "Marie-Odile", by Edward Knoblauch. The star giving a delightful impersonation of a young novice in admirably staged and fairly interesting drama of convent life.

Booth.—"Children of Earth." The ten-thousand-dollar prize play, presenting an intimate study of New England village types and the workings of a New England spinster's mind. Well staged and acted, but not vitally interesting.

Candler.—"On Trial." A well-played and originally presented story of a criminal prosecution with murder and marital infidelity as the basis of the plot.

Casino.—"Experience." Picturesque development of the morality play as applied to the sins and vices of life in our own time.

Cohan's.—"It Pays to Advertise." Most laughable farcical comedy with the twists, turns and possibilities of advertising as its basis. Well performed.

Comedy.—"The White Feather." See above.

Cort.—"Under Cover." A polite melodrama with the possibilities of society smuggling and Customs House methods turned into adventure and fun.

Eltz.—"The Song of Songs." Cleverly presented and well-staged drama dealing in detail with the life of the courtesan of modern times. Extremely interesting to those interested in the topic.

Empire.—Ethel Barrymore in "The Shadow." Play of domestic immorality with the heroine as the invalid victim of the triangle. Fairly well acted, with some of the possibilities neglected.

Forty-eighth Street.—"The Law of the Land." Murder in high life, justifiable, and made the basis of an absorbing melodrama with some humorous reflections on the methods of the police in dealing with crime in influential circles.

Forty-fourth Street.—Mr. Robert Mantell in Shakespearean repertory. See above.

Fulton.—"Twin Beds." Farcical demonstration of what may happen to what is vulgarly called a "souse" when he happens to come home to the wrong flat.

Gaiety.—"Daddy Long-Legs." Most agreeable little story of the life of a founding girl with romance, humor and pathos mixed up in a cleanly and wholesome way.

Globe.—"Chin-Chin." Laughable and elaborately staged musical extravaganza based on the story of Aladdin and the lamp, with Montgomery and Stone as the chief funmakers.

Harris.—Margaret Illington in "The Lie", by Henry Arthur Jones. Skillfully written and well-played drama of domestic life in England, with contrast between a good sister and a frivolously bad sister as the basic theme.

Hippodrome.—New Winter Circus. A good circus of the old-fashioned kind to be seen in comfortable surroundings.

Hudson.—"The Show Shop," by Mr. James Forbes. A laughable comedy of the stage and its methods and people, particularly as applied to play production. Well done.

Knickerbocker.—Marie Cahill and Richard Carle in "Ninety in the Shade". Girl-and-music show, extremely light and fairly diverting.

Little.—"A Pair of Silk Stockings." English company in English farce; well done and amusing.

Longacre.—"Inside the Lines," by Mr. Earl Derr Biggers. Notice later.

Lyceum.—"Outcast," by Mr. Hubert Henry Davis. Mr. Charles Cherry and Elsie Ferguson in an interesting and extremely well-acted drama of bachelor life in London.

Lyric.—"The Only Girl." Musical comedy cleverly derived from a legitimate play, with book by Mr. Henry Blossom and score by Mr. Victor Herbert. Quite worth seeing and hearing.

Manhattan Opera House.—"Life." Big, spectacular melodrama with the scenes laid in America.

Maxine Elliott's.—"The Rented Earl," by Mr. Salisbury Field. Notice later.

Park.—"Polygamy." Drama of life under the system of plural marriage as it is said to exist in Utah to-day. Interesting and well presented.

Playhouse.—"Sinners," by Mr. Owen Davis. Nice, old-fashioned melodrama showing for umpteenth time how much more virtuous country folks are than their city cousins.

Princess.—Moving-picture drama called "Hypocrites", pointing out the elusive quality of the naked truth.

Punch and Judy.—"The Clever Ones," by Alfred Sutro. See above.

Republic.—"Kick In." The world of crime once more exploited on the stage, this time amusingly and with sidelights on police methods.

Shubert.—"To-night's the Night." English girl-and-music show direct from London, with good people, good music and well done.

Thirty-ninth Street.—Marie Dressler in "A Mix-up". America's plumpest star in a rôle exactly adapted to her methods and therefore provocative of any amount of laughter.

Wallack's.—Granville Barker's production of Shaw's "Androcles and the Lion", with a curtain-raiser by Anatole France, entitled "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife". Good fun in new methods of stage production. Not vastly important, but very amusing.

Winter Garden.—"Maid in America." Notice later.



She: DON'T YOU ADORE THE FOX TROT?



ONE of the first books to appear with the 1915 date mark is a novel by W. L. George, the author of "The Making of an Englishman", that makes one want to misquote a famous soap slogan and cry out to one's acquaintances, "Good morning, have you read 'The Second Blooming'?" The book (Little, Brown; \$1.35) deals with certain crucial years in the lives of three sisters; English women in rather better than comfortable circumstances; all "happily" married; all arrived at the crisis of romantic disillusionment; and each driven by her own nature to a different grappling with the common need of a new stimulus. One tries to content herself with the rearing of still more children. One turns to the excitement of a semi-political career. One to a passionate love affair. It is an honest, earnest, able analysis, fictional not argumentative, of a transitional problem. A deployed situation, not a disguised propaganda. And while its technique is plodding, not winged, the result is definitely alive.

IN 1905, when J. C. Snaith published "Broke of Covenden", it looked as though the contemporary group of English novelist-critics of life was perhaps about to receive an accession. When "Richard Northcote" and "Araminta" followed, it seemed that one more writer of ability had deliberately decided to take the easier way. But as tale followed tale, each an adventure in versatility, but all, taken together, showing no related line of fictional development, it seemed likely that all along Mr. Snaith had merely been the one real chameleon in captivity in the British literary zoo. His latest book, "Anne Feversham" (Appleton's, \$1.35), is an historical romance in which Queen Elizabeth, Shakespeare and a young actress and papist-plot suspect figure. And as this background is more than usually threadbare, so the chameleon's colors are less than ordinarily brilliant.

IT is possible, however, that Mr. Snaith really meant to be a novelist and has only drifted into being a chameleon.

At any rate, he has evidently never lost his pride in, and his predilection for, "Broke of Covenden", which he has actually taken the trouble to rewrite and the revised version of which has just been published (Small, Maynard; \$1.35). And the sound quality of this piece of fiction is certainly attested by the fact that, both as a novel of manners and as a satire on the social deadwood in English upper-classdom, the story, which has lost nothing in vitality but gained greatly in execution, is as interesting and even more enjoyable at the end of an elapsed decade.

NO mention has as yet been made in this column of Dean C. Worcester's able, fearless and in many ways genuinely fascinating work, published last spring, "The Philippines, Past and Present" (Macmillan, 2 vols., \$6.00). A new edition, with an added chapter on "One

Year of the New Era", is therefore welcomed as an opportunity for calling attention to a work which, had it been written by a Roman pro-consul about a distant province of that Empire, would have come down to us as an unchallenged classic of its kind. The author spent some years as a scientific investigator in the Islands during the Spanish régime. For thirteen years he was a member of the Philippine Commission and Secretary of the Interior of the Islands. He is a many-sided man of distinguished ability and wide attainments, a forthright and above-board fighter, a writer of admirable directness and force. And whether one be by predilection a student of colonial administration, a devotee of political controversy, an amateur of comparative anthropology, a lover of adventure or a fisherman of sorts, one will find matter to one's taste in this richly interesting work.

CHARLES DOWNER HAZEN'S "Europe Since 1815" (Holt, \$3.75) was published in 1910. But, as at that time it appealed only to those specifically interested in historical reading, and as times have changed in this respect, it is once more being brought to the attention of the public by the publishers—a proceeding that is at once sound business and good service. For the book offers us, on the one hand, in its fourteen double-page colored maps, which visually summarize the shifting sovereignties of the period, and, on the other hand, in its succinct but very readable text, both an instantly accessible and a more extended but distinctly clarifying exposition of the historical hinterland of the present European situation.



She: I'M SO GLAD WE ARE ALL WEARING MASKS—IT MAKES SO MUCH MORE FUN WHEN YOU DON'T RECOGNIZE PEOPLE

FURTHER exploits of G. K. Chesterton's clerical detective—the priest whose inspired common sense, rejection of superficial sophistication, and babe-and-suckling variety of clear-sightedness, confounds the snap judgment of the worldly-wise—are contained in "The Wisdom of Father Brown" (Lane, \$1.30). The book is typical late-Chesterton. Very uneven, both in conception and execution. Alternately subtle and banal, clairvoyant and clap-trappish. In fine, it is the rapidly written work of a man who, at his best, is so human that he is a seer, and who, at his worst, is so conscious of cleverness that he forgets to be human.

J. B. Kerfoot.



THE MAN WITH THE HOE



Steward: 'SCUSE ME, SIR, BUT THIS ROLL O' BILLS JUST SLIPPED OUT O' YOUR POCKET

"PLACE IT WITH MY EFFECTS, STEWARD. MY EXECUTORS WILL SEE TO IT"

The Passing Throng

AN Economic Law was once walking along a quiet country road when he was rudely run into by a Congressional Bill that was hurrying along blindly. They both stopped and eyed each other.

"I think I recognize you," said the Congressional Bill. "You are the very chap I'm going to knock out, aren't you?"

The Economic Law smiled.

"That's a confident way to put it," he observed tranquilly. "If I mistake not, you are the new Shipping Bill, aren't you?"

"I am. I propose to put the foreign trade of the United States on the right basis. I shall touch it with

my Neptune's wand, and it will rise triumphant. And you can't stop me."

The Economic Law smiled again. He was even more tranquil than before.

"My excitable friend," he said, "don't let us quarrel about anything until we first understand what it is all about. First, then, allow me to ask you what is the object you are after?"

"Bottoms."

"Bottoms?"

"Yes. To furnish enough ship bottoms so that all the surplus material we manufacture may be sent to other countries."

"Um! Why hasn't this been done before?"

"Because other countries could buy this material cheaper elsewhere, and the reason why this is so is because we pay higher wages."

"I see," mused the Economic Law, just as if he didn't know. "And so your idea is to have the government pay the difference?"

"Yes, for the present."

"And the future?"

"That's where I'm going to get the best of you. You think because you're an Economic Law that you can't be knocked out. Stand aside! I'll settle with you later."

The Bill rushed along toward Washington. The Economic Law sat down quietly and plucked a daisy. A bird sang lustily in a neighboring tree.

* * *

Time passed. One day, as the Economic Law was still quietly resting by the wayside, there was a sound in the distance, and he perceived a *cortège* coming.

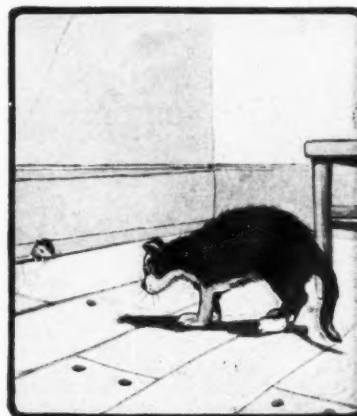
"Who's dead?" he asked of one of the mourners, as the cortège passed.

"The Shipping Bill. They tell me it passed away quite peacefully."

The distant church bell rang. The Economic Law picked another daisy and threw it on the passing casket.

"How many of these old enemies are passing these days in the same way," he mused. "A strange destiny! That I should survive them all."

"To the end of time," whistled the bird in the distant tree.



WE ARE LOOKING FOR AN EARLY SPRING



"HOLD IT, MISTER, WE CAN MAKE IT!"

An Imaginary Interview

AS Whittler opened the door of his friend Dobson's office, his eye lighted on a rather large package, tied up with red ribbons, that was lying in a remote corner. Dobson saw him looking at it, and his face lighted up.

"Ah! old fellow," he said. "I see that you are looking at the Christmas package that you sent me."

"Well, yes—you see, Christmas is now so long past that I thought——"

"Exactly. You thought that possibly I might have opened up that package, and——"

"But there are things in it for your family. I don't understand."

Dobson looked at him in surprise.

"Why, my dear fellow," he replied, "I didn't know you intended those things for my family."

"Why not?"

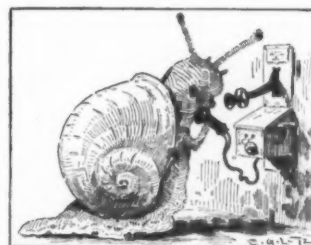
"Well, because there was no way for my family to get them. You know my wife and children never come to my office."

There was a painful silence. Dobson went on.

"I had quite another idea about it," he said. "I knew, of course, that you didn't expect me to take that package home with me just before Christmas. Naturally no real friend would ask that. I also knew that you didn't expect me to have them sent out to my house by express. You wouldn't do a thing like that. Express charges are not as a rule paid by the recipients of Christmas gifts. And so the fact that you sent them to my office could only lead me to one conclusion. I have assumed, pending any better knowledge, that you intended those presents for me to use next year, and thus help me solve the Christmas problem. Your delicate sense of friendship has suggested to you long in advance that you could do nothing better than to send here some things that will, during the next Christmas season, be an aid to me in the distribution of my own presents."

Whittler sprang forward. His eyes filled with tears.

"My dear boy!" he exclaimed, clasping his friend by the hand. "How can I thank you enough for this little piece of friendly satire. I realize my offense. You have taught me a lesson, and I hope many others who make a practice of sending their friends' Christmas presents to their offices. You are indeed a true lover of humanity."



Mr. Snail: I'M GOING TO MAKE A COMPLAINT ABOUT THESE TELEPHONE GIRLS; IT'S SOMETHING TERRIBLE THE SPEED WITH WHICH THEY CONNECT YOU WITH THE PARTY YOU WANT



"THIS IS THE FIRST TIME IN SIX MONTHS THAT I'VE LEFT MY WIFE AT HOME—AND A HAIRPIN WOULD SAVE ME"

Henry Ford on Henry Ford

HENRY FORD, of Detroit, has been exercising in the headlines of the newspapers. For a starter he talked by request at Hon. Francis P. Walsh's Industrial Foundations Investigation. Then he gave several interviews to the newspapers, one to Mr. Babson, the fact expert. Altogether he disclosed himself a good deal.

Anyone who can stand autobiographical disclosures as well as Henry Ford can ought to talk a good deal about himself. Henry is likeable and interesting. He talks acceptably about Henry Ford, not as one blinded by interest in the subject, nor yet with undue approbation, but just with sympathy and with hope. He hopes for the best from Henry Ford's experiments, particularly from his researches into the effect of the money treatment on labor diseases.

The fact is that Henry Ford is a great, new public character, and should be welcomed by all of us, in-

cluding Henry, to that position, because interesting public characters are scarce. Mark Twain is dead. So is John Bigelow, about whose incomparable liveliness there is a note by John Hay in the current *Harper's Magazine*. The Colonel is not dead, but is temporarily quiescent. Mr. Carnegie is a little impeded in his utterances by the war. Edison, to be sure, is still in the ring, but is busy after his fire. Mr. Bryan is also busy. Mr. Choate is meditative, and none of our great

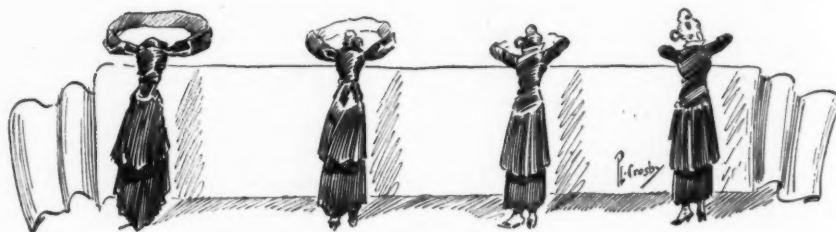
stand-by public characters is in full activity except President Eliot—oh, yes, and ex-President Taft. So there is lots of room and welcome for Henry Ford, who would do us good even if he did no more than crowd off Billy Sunday.

But he does more than that. He has the same merit as Edison; he does not know too much, and gives off fresh ideas out of the working of his mind. Henry, like Edison, knows mainly what he has thought and seen and done. He does not know beforehand that a thing is not so. He cannot tell until he has tried it. That is the advantage of not having had one's understanding impaired by "education", which was described by the learned Jowett as the grave of the mind. Henry, like Edison, says extraordinary things that strike you as not being so, but they are a joyous change from the things that *are* so, but ought not to be, and the things that are not so but pass for facts. For this last class of sayings Henry is good medicine. He bites facts to see what they are made of, and disputes the soft ones.

Henry Ford, like Edison and Scotch Andrew, has been able to demonstrate that he has a good head. He has proved it by the only proof that is universally a good delivery in these States. He has made a raft of money. Now he seems bent, but only casually, on demonstrating that he has also a good heart, and he may succeed, for he goes about it indirectly, which is the best and most scriptural way, and does not blink at cost nor take it too seriously.

The most encouraging circumstance about Henry Ford is that he could rise and move and have his being in a misgoverned democracy. All democracies

(Continued on page 301.)



NECKWEAR



Famous Actor: OH, YES, I'M MARRIED, BUT I ALWAYS THINK IT'S KIND O' TOUGH ON A GIRL
THAT MARRIES ONE OF US TRAVELIN' MEN
"STILL, IT MIGHT BE WORSE. I SUPPOSE YOU'RE AWAY FROM HOME MOST OF THE TIME"

"They Say"

(Recent Opinions, Epigrammatic or Otherwise, by Some of Our Wise and Near-Wise Men and Women)



MUCH of this mendacity and hysterical sensationalism over Belgium atrocities was needless. A protest to Germany against the violation of Belgian neutrality would have been welcomed by her. She could then have laid her case before us.—*Robert J. Thompson, American Consul at Aix-la-Chapelle.*

Germany has been too courteous toward the rest of the world—too anxious to please. But our eyes have been opened to our folly. We have learned by bitter experience that it does not pay to be too courteous, too eager to please.—*Hans Heinz Ewers, German author and poet.*

I think it is perfectly proper to swear at times. I think it is all right to say "damn" even. If some man did something terrible to you and you said "damn that man", that's all right—that man should be damned.—*President Thwing, of Western Reserve University, as reported in the New York Sun.*

I may have been a bit excited and aroused.—*Dr. Theobald von Bethmann-Hollweg, the German Imperial Chancellor.*

If this Republic shall share the fates of other similar governments that have gone down in other times, it will not be from marching armies from across the seas. It will be from the folly of the people. It will be when they build up a great standing army in this country and make the military power dominant over the civil power. It will be when they cease to reverence the Constitution and the genius of this great government and begin to imitate the debt-ridden and the soldier-ridden countries of other nations.—*Martin Dies, of Texas.*

The lack of mutual love among men, disregard for authority, unjust quarrels between the various classes, material prosperity, become the absorbing objects of human endeavor, as though there were nothing higher and better to be gained. These we regard as the four chief causes why the world is so terribly shaken.—*Pope Benedict XV.*

It will take years after I get out of office to catch up with some of the newspapers that I want to answer.

—*Secretary Bryan.*

I refuse to admit that I am dead.—*Villa.*

America's unlimited supply of death-dealing machinery will cause an indefinite prolongation of this murder of mankind.

—*Duke of Abruzzi, as reported in the New York Sun.*

In Ithaca we have found that the movies are a most potent factor in making manly fellows of our students. It is not as it was a few years ago. Nowadays, when the boys have a little time hanging on their hands of an evening, they do not organize "parties", as of old, and go down into "town" to guzzle beer and shoot pool in some ambiguous emporium.—*President Jacob Gould Schurman, Cornell University.*

One man with God is always in the majority.

—*Emperor William.*

And why wouldn't he have a good brain? From babyhood he's had the best of food and care and education. You'd have as good a brain as he if you'd had the same training. Many of the miner boys out West have better brains than he, but they haven't run them in the one channel. They've used them in producing things. Mr. Rockefeller will learn something from those miner boys when he comes out there and talks to them.

—*Mother Jones.*

The men who are directing these foundations are undoubtedly men of wisdom and high-minded persons, but the income of the fund of one hundred million dollars is coming from the work of laboring men. The directors, it must be remembered, are chosen by men behind the foundations, so that here in a democratic country and atmosphere we have an institution essentially autocratic in spirit and government.—*Dr. John Haynes Holmes.*



"FOR THINE IS THE KINGDOM, AND THE POWER, AND THE GLORY"

To the American Public

Since August last our attention has been directed to many statements and advertisements to the effect that "Gordon Gin is not available," "Imported Gin could not be obtained," etc., etc.

Such statements are evidently for an ulterior purpose at the expense of the public.

There has been an ample supply of Gordon Gins in the American Markets since September last; and prices then established through fear that supplies would not be available have long since been restored to a moderate basis. Shipments continue normally—with ample "reserves."

This explanation we deem due to American Consumers.

There is no Genuine Gordon Dry Gin in the United States in *square* bottles. All "*Gordon*" bottles have a *round* back—the word "Gordon" in *red* on back of label and registered number "610617" blown on face—over label.

GORDON'S DRY GIN CO. LTD.

132 Goswell Road,

London, England

Distillers Exclusively in London, England



AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

Taking No Chances

Readers who had some difficulty in remembering where the Falkland Islands were, may have been helped by the recollection of one of Ian Maclaren's stories. After a disaster to an emigrant ship many years ago, some of the survivors reached those islands. When the news reached home, the minister of a Scottish church to which some of the emigrants had belonged, prayed thus: "Oh, Lord, we pray thee to be with our brethren, stranded in the Falkland Islands, which, as Thou knowest, are situated in the South Atlantic Ocean."—*Argonaut*.

Revised to Date

My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of literacy, Of thee we tell. Land of the reading test, Banish the unlearned guest, Till all, from east to west, Know how to spell!—*Boston Advertiser*.



AS IT LOOKS TO THE BOY WITH A
SNOWBALL

A Sin of Commission

Jenks had been invited to a Welsh-rabbit party by a number of Bohemian young ladies across the hall. The rabbit did not seem to be a complete success, a fact speedily recognized by the young woman presiding at the chafing-dish. "Somehow," said she, "it doesn't taste just as Marie's did the other night. I thought I remembered the recipe, but I think I must have left something out."

Jenks, who is a sententious young man, tasted reflectively, and in the best Fletcherian manner.

"My dear young woman," said he, "there's nothing you could leave out that would make it taste like that. It's something you put in."

—*New York Evening Post*.

A Real Smart Alec

"What are the two sexes, Alec?" asked the teacher.

"Masculine and feline," answered Alec.—*Woman's Home Companion*.

CITY MAN: How many servants do you keep?

SUBURBANITE: About one out of twelve.—*Buffalo Express*.

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PLYMOUTH

Dry Gin

Plymouth Dry Gin fetches a higher price than any other gin in the world.

It is eminently worth its price.

ALEX D **SHAW** & CO NY



St. Valentine's a useful saint
For those who yearn and sigh,
Especially for those of us
Who are a little shy.

The Plumber

I SAY! it's fierce to be a Plumber!
He scarcely gets a Job all summer;
But when the Wintry Blizzards come,
Why, everybody makes him plumb.
He is, I learn from Truthful Sources,
Compelled to take Expensive Courses
In Building Laws and Union Rules
And Disremembering his Tools.
But though his Useful Operations
Preserve our Homes from Inundations,
We slur his Industry and Skill
And crudely jest about his Bill.

Arthur Guiterman.

Best Get After the Mormons, Mr. Walsh

Is there any person who will not challenge a \$100,000,000 foundation, exempt from taxation and to be used in a way the people as a whole do not dominate?—*Commissioner Francis Patrick Walsh.*

YES, Mr. Walsh, there are lots of such people; lots of people who can meet a hundred-million-dollar corporation on the road and never wink, provided it keeps to the right; lots of people, for example, who would not want to challenge the Roman Catholic Church, though it has much more than a hundred millions in property, and a non-resident management besides. The idea, Mr. Walsh, that the people as a whole must dominate all effort, even all organized and endowed effort, to do good in the world and improve civilization is not generally accepted in these States. The disposition is to keep the road to usefulness open to all comers, providing merely that they shall respect the rules of the road and not crowd off the other travelers. If you are going to object to all tax-free endowments which the people as a whole do not dominate, you have seas of trouble ahead with your own Church, with the

"Today convinced me that I need Sanatogen!"

AND one day there comes to most of us the conviction that we, too, must have help—help that rebuilds, restores, replaces the nervous energy that has been so recklessly expended.

It is then that the kindly, tonic influence of Sanatogen is appreciated. For after all, that need of help is often but the nerves' need of nourishment.

And when Sanatogen brings to the starved cells and tissues the very foods they hunger for, in just the form that is most easily taken up, it is not long before relief comes.

Over 21,000 physicians have written letters, telling how they have watched Sanatogen reconstruct cell and tissue—enrich the blood—recall keener appetite and better slumber, and infuse the whole system with a new vigor.

Such, too, is the recorded experience of scores of the world's foremost thinkers. And it will be *your* experience as well, once you decide to give *your* nerves this kindly, restorative aid of Sanatogen.

Sanatogen is sold by good druggists everywhere in 3 sizes, from \$1.00 up.

*Grand Prize International Congress of Medicine
London, 1913*

Harrison Fisher.

the well-known artist, writes:
"I have used Sanatogen from the first of the year, and find it a wonderful tonic. I am recommending it to my overworked friends."

Sir Gilbert Parker, M. P.

the eminent novelist-statesman, writes from London:
"Sanatogen is to my mind a true food-tonic, feeding the nerves, increasing the energy, and giving fresh vigor to the overworked body and mind."

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ENDORSED BY OVER 21,000 PHYSICIANS

Send

for Elbert Hubbard's new book, "Health in the Making." Written in his attractive manner and filled with his shrewd philosophy, together with capital advice on Sanatogen, health and contentment. It is free.

Address, THE BAUER CHEMICAL CO., 24-E Irving Place, New York

The New Idea in Beverages

Pressed from world-famous white Niagara grapes, sun-ripened and luscious. Blended with an infusion of fresh, rich ginger root, purest cane sugar and grape fruit. A new flavor! A new deliciousness! An unfermented champagne with sparkle and exhilaration.



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"Unfermented"

has quickly become a favorite dinner and banquet beverage. Particularly popular with the younger set. Served at the Waldorf-Astoria, Bellevue-Stratford, Ritz-Carlton, Adelphia, Martha Washington, and equally prominent hotels and leading clubs.

By all means try a bottle!
Sold by leading grocers. We will send sample for 10c. and your grocer's name.

The Charles E.
Hires Co.
Philadelphia

other Churches, with the privately endowed colleges and hospitals, and many other institutions.

Nevertheless, Mr. Walsh, while you are filled with this zeal for challenging corporations, why don't you get after the Mormons? That would be in your line and really within the scope of your commission, and might really be worth something as a public service. Of course you know about the Mormon Church; that, besides being a kind of Church, it is an immensely rich and active industrial corporation, with

hundreds of millions, they say, of active capital, and factories, mines, farms, ranches and all such property. There is lots to be disclosed about the Mormon Church that would be news to most readers. It is a whale, Mr. Walsh; these other Foundations that you are going for are mere codfish beside it. Perhaps, of course, you are only a trawler and the codfish-size Foundation is as much as you are out for. But you talk like a whaler, Mr. Walsh. If you really are a whaler, get after the Mormon Church.

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



An Opportunity

IRATE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN (white with anger at being disturbed): You book canvassers make me so angry with your confounded nerve and impudence that I cannot find words to express my indignation!

CANVASSER (jumping with enthusiasm): Then, sir, I am a great help to you. I have here the very thing you need—a dictionary of the English language, containing all the words and slang phrases known, and only five shillings. Take it, and you will never be at a loss to express yourself again.—*Tit-Bits*.

A Sherbet is made tasty and delightful by using Abbott's Bitters. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

"WAITER! Vienna steak, please!"

"Ush, sir, we call 'em Petrograd patties now," sir!"—*Bystander*.

HERE IS A VOGUE PATTERN



No. 2701/L.—A surplice room gown which may be made of crepe de chine or cashmere and trimmed with a double-corded ruche of the same material, or of lace or net.

The kimono waist is cut in one piece with the sash, with the fold of the goods at the back and with under-arm seams.

The circular cut skirt has seams over the hips and is attached to the upper part of the gown at the waistline under the surplice crossing of the girdle.

The V-shaped neck is cut low and the neck, sleeves and bottom of the skirt are trimmed with gathered quillings made of the same material, or of lace. The girdle buttons at the center-back and the negligee opens at the center-front. A three-piece short lining is given in the pattern, and may be used or not as desired.

Materials Required for the Negligee in Medium Size:
36 inches wide 42 inches wide
5 yards or 4½ yards
1 yard of material 36 inches wide for the waist lining, 1 button.

The pattern of the negligee is cut in 8 pieces. Sizes, 34 to 40 inches bust measure. Price, \$1, cheque, stamps or money order. Order pattern by number (2701/L) from

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443 Fourth Avenue New York



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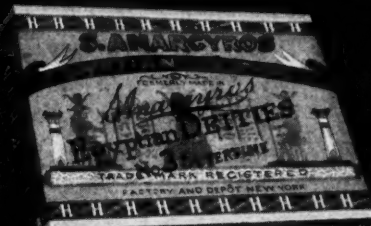
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Anagyrus
Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World

Well Disguised

The *costumier* came forward to attend to the nervous old beau who was mopping his bald and shining poll with a big silk handkerchief.

"And what can I do for you?" he asked.

"I want a little help in the way of a suggestion," said the old fellow. "I intend going to the French students' masquerade ball to-night, and I want a distinctly original costume—something I may be sure no one else will wear. What would you suggest?"

The *costumier* looked him over attentively, bestowing special notice on the gleaming nob.

"Well, I'll tell you," he said then, thoughtfully, "why don't you sugar your head and go as a pill?"

—*Tit-Bits*.

He Was She

In a college for women, where the faculty consists chiefly of the gentler sex, a meeting of the academic council was in progress. Here and there a lone man sat surrounded by learned ladies. An amendment had just been proposed.

"Where is the person who offers this amendment?" inquired the president. "Who is she?"

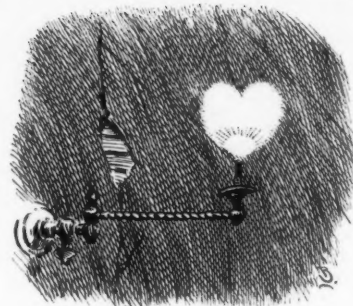
Whereupon Mr. Skeets, the popular young professor of a favorite subject, rose and replied, deprecatingly, "I am she."—*Evening Post*.

THE type of youth who indulges in loud clothes and a hat forced back over his ears dropped into the dental chair.

"I'm afraid to give him gas," said the dentist to his assistant.

"Why?"

"How can I tell when he's unconscious?"—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.



A HALL BEDROOM, BUT A LIGHT HEART

ROUND THE WORLD TOURS

The Best Regular Services to EGYPT, INDIA, CHINA, PHILIPPINES, JAPAN, AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND. Round World Trips and Winter Tours in INDIA. PENINSULAR & ORIENTAL S. N. CO.
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SEXOLOGY



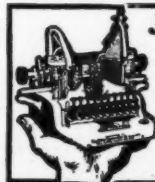
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Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
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Knowledge a Father Should Have.
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JUNO BEACH

Adjoining Famous Palm Beach, Florida



A BEAUTIFUL, permanent winter home in Florida—coupled with sound investment opportunity, that's what Juno Beach has to offer you. Prices within reach of men of moderate means—*terms made very easy if desired.*

Juno Beach is a narrow strip of elevated land lying between beautiful Lake Worth and the Atlantic Ocean. It has all the charms of climate—all the facilities for boating, fishing and bathing that Palm Beach has to offer. Juno Beach building sites have an average depth of 500 feet, extending clear through

From Ocean to Lake

and carrying riparian rights on both. There is room on each lot for a small citrus fruit grove and truck garden if the owners wish to devote a little time to producing some fruit and garden stuff for family use. This will afford a form of recreation that is profitable as well as interesting. The magnificent growth of cocoanut palms near the lake front of Juno Beach is evidence of very fertile soil. These cocoanut trees—a rich variety in full bearing—are loaded with fine, large nuts this season.

Each deeded lot will carry with it one fully paid share in

Juno Beach Club Corporation

A spacious and attractive club house will be ready for use by January 1st, 1916. It will not only be the center of social life in Juno Beach, but it will afford residential comforts and accommodations at an extremely moderate cost. Only owners of Juno Beach lots can be members of the club. While the club life will be strictly informal, every effort will be made to keep it ideal in every aspect.

The more elaborate social life of *Palm Beach* centering around "The Breakers" and "Royal Poinciana" ("the most fashionable winter tourists' resort in the world") will be accessible to Juno Beach lot owners if desired.

Our Purchase of Juno Beach from W. K. Vanderbilt, Chauncey Depew

and associates now opens it for development. The individual purchaser of moderate means has an opportunity here not only to enjoy a permanent winter home in Florida, but also to make what should prove a mighty profitable investment. Sites for winter homes in Palm Beach are worth \$100 per front foot and upwards. First choice of Juno Beach lots are offered at from \$6.00 to \$12.00 per front foot.

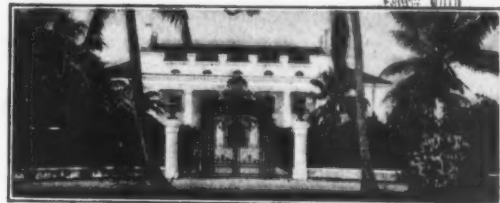
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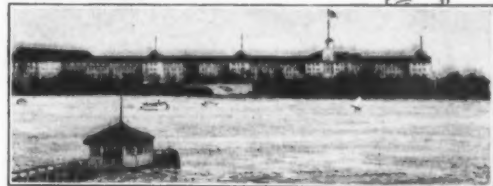
Gentlemen:
Without committing me in any way, I would like to have you mail me your booklet on Juno Beach; also full details of membership in Juno Beach Club Corporation.



The Juno Beach Club will have as its site a high ridge constantly swept by the balmy yet invigorating salty breezes from the Gulf Stream. A splendid view of beautiful Lake Worth as well as the ocean will be had from the Club verandas.



The magnificent winter home of the late H. M. Flagler, on the Lake Worth Shore, is but one of the many handsome residences erected in Palm Beach County in the last few years. It is such developments as these that have made the rapid rise in values that has marked Palm Beach County real estate.



Hotel Royal Poinciana is said to be the most fashionable winter tourists' resort in the world. Both the Royal Poinciana and The Breakers—another magnificent hotel—are situated at Palm Beach, adjoining Juno Beach on the south.



The Fishing Pier at Palm Beach always forms an interesting picture of activity. The waters along the east coast teem with fish of all sorts. There is an abundance of game inland.

One Year Is Allowed for Personal Inspection of Your Juno Beach Lot—If Found Not As Represented All Money Paid Prior to Inspection Will Be Refunded.

Write us today for elaborately illustrated folder containing facts about Palm Beach and its environs, together with full details of Juno Beach plan, with easy payment terms.

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A Footless Test

RECENTLY a man in New York State thought he would see what is the proportion of honest people in the world. He invested twenty-five dimes in excess change and found that four men and two women returned the extra dime, and that eleven counted and kept it.

The Springfield *Republican*, in defense of these alleged culprits, suggests that perhaps there are many people who count their change without knowing exactly what they are doing.

But if out of sixteen people eleven kept the money, and, say, eight of these did it on purpose, this proves nothing. What the gentleman should have done was to ascertain the occupation of the villains. Were they multimillionaires, doctors or publishers?



Did This Ever Happen To You?

Quite probably, some time or other. Penrod, his projects, escapades, "love affairs," will bring happy recollections of the time when you, too, were a youngster.

Everybody is talking about these new "kid" stories. "The best since Tom Sawyer" is their enthusiastic praise.

Booth Tarkington's inimitable humor has made Penrod a real boy. His stories contain more fun than a bag of monkeys. Your sides will fairly ache with mirth when you read them and

see the snub-nosed urchins and wistful puppy dogs in Worth Brehm's illustrations.

If you want a good laugh, read in the March issue how sister Margaret's military cloak walked downstairs of its own accord. Simply write your name below, tear off the bottom of this page carefully, enclose in an envelope, and mail it to us with a quarter.

We will do the rest. You will be promptly entered to receive the next three months of *Cosmopolitan*, "America's Greatest Magazine." Remember, you can have your money back, no questions asked, if you don't think this Penrod tale the best story of a boy you ever read.

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John McE. Bowman
Vice-Pres.

Crosses

CROSSES are divided into many classes. The Iron Cross, the Victoria Cross, the Cross of the Legion of Honor, the Red Cross and the Ordinary Cross are the most important. The Iron Cross is made in Germany, the Victoria in England, and the Cross of the Legion of Honor in France. These three crosses resemble one another in this respect—each is given to those who have been most successful in making the ordinary crosses of their fellow beings heavier, and, especially, to those who have been most successful in making the services of the Red Cross necessary.

There are more Iron Crosses than Victoria and Legion of Honor Crosses being made. This means that the Germans are more efficient than the English or French in furnishing employment for the Red Cross and in increasing the weight of the Ordinary Crosses that men are obliged to carry.

The Red Cross is made by those who are trying to alleviate the suffering caused by those who are striving for the Iron, Victoria and Legion of Honor Crosses. It is red because it has been dipped in the blood that has been spilled in the winning of Iron, Victoria and Legion of Honor Crosses.

Everybody has an ordinary cross. It becomes especially heavy in those countries where the work of the Iron, Victoria and Legion of Honor Crosses is most in evidence.

The Red Cross is always engaged in making the ordinary cross lighter; the Iron, Victoria and Legion of Honor Crosses in making it heavier.

There are other crosses that resemble the Iron, Victoria and Legion of Honor Crosses, but they are unimportant compared with these three.

Moemus.

Robert J. Burdette

1844—1914.

A TINY, tireless Tenement
That faced the Long War's gruel-
ling Hell;

A lean, grey, homely face that meant
New Heart to all his smile befell;
Head, heart and soul of well-
spring Joy
That kept him Seventy Years a
Boy.

And when at last he Slept—
Their Mate so many years—
Wit sat aside and wept,
And Mirth ran back to tears;
And we that earthly walked with
him
Found all our Day and Stars
grown dim.

But the High Sunshine knew him best
Who was its vicar among men—
Who stored it, gave it out again
Through cloudy days and nights
oppress;
And on the very mist that fell
Of tears for him from every eye,
It turned the Rainbow's Faith to tell
So Glad a Soul Shall Never Die.



Apostrophe to Crawford Young

"Have a Drink, Old Man, and Let's Arbitrate"

CAN our perturbed friend induce this "Gentleman of the Road" to reconsider his ultimatum? Certainly, when one faces a situation such as this, it's well to have a little of the spirit of good-fellowship near at hand.

When
you want
a real
drink
ask for

Old Saratoga
EXTRA FINE
WHISKEY

and then make sure you get it.

If your dealer hasn't Old Saratoga in stock, send us six dollars and we will see that you get at once four full quarts, all charges paid.

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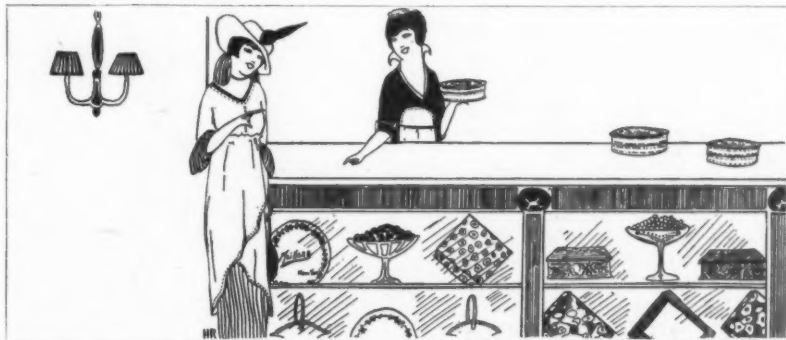
BONBONS . CHOCOLATES
FRENCH PASTRY . ICE CREAMS

Dainty Bonbonnières of exclusive design are imported specially from Paris for Maillard candies; or you may have your purchases packed in Fancy Boxes to order and made ready for safe delivery to any part.

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NEW YORK



His life is in the millioned lives
His dear contagion touched with
Health;
His treasures Over There derive
For that he taught the Truer Wealth,
God rest his gentle soul—and lend
His spirit with us to the end!
Chas. F. Lummis.

Medical Changes in the Navy

APROPOS of the smallpox outbreak among vaccinated persons on the battleship *Ohio*, the Surgeon-General, in his annual report, says: "This bureau (Bureau of Medicine and Surgery) has recommended certain changes in the Navy Regulations and Instructions which, if adopted, will decrease the chances of other outbreaks by adding to the thoroughness of protection."

Good! What is the nature of these changes? And how can we know that they will add to the thoroughness of protection? Is the protection to come,

as elsewhere, through less reliance upon vaccination and more reliance upon sanitation and improved methods of life? Or is it some new patent that has not yet been tried and found wanting? Or do the said changes merely require everyone to lean a little more heavily on that broken reed, vaccination, increasing the frequency of the scratch, the seriousness of the sore and the virulency of the virus?

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the Heart."

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Possesses much that is quaintly honest and supremely good. Its genial glow soothes and mollifies and dispels Winter's chill and gloom. Try it at home for real Fireside Comfort. There's Evans' Stout, too!

In Bottles and Splits

Any good dealer will supply it

Signs of a Clearing Mind in Germany

THEY tell us that the Germans can put four million more soldiers, old and young, into the field this year, and that the Allies can do at least as well. These large reinforcements would keep the war going vigorously with resulting mortality and other losses as per the record of the last six months. Is there any sign that this further investment of useful people may be averted?

Here is something. On January 26th the New York *Evening Post* printed an abstract of an address made lately at Berlin by Professor Karl Lamprecht, of Leipsic, an historian. The Herr Professor laments aloud in the Prussian capital over Germany's mistakes in foreign policy, speaks of a clamorous demand for reforms in "the inadequate foreign office which has seen no reforms for decades", the diplomatic service and the information bureau. "With the estimate of foreign nations in vogue with us at present," he says, "we will not gain a single noble soul in the world." The final outcome of the war he finds very uncertain. "Let us hope there will be formed a Middle-European Confederation of States which will give the German people a position somewhat similar to the one held hitherto by Prussia in the Empire."

To make the Germans the Prussians of Middle Europe does not look good in view of the current estimate of Prussian influence in Germany. But that is a detail. At least in this address are several rays of sense and appreciation of German errors that made it look as if the German mind might be clearing.

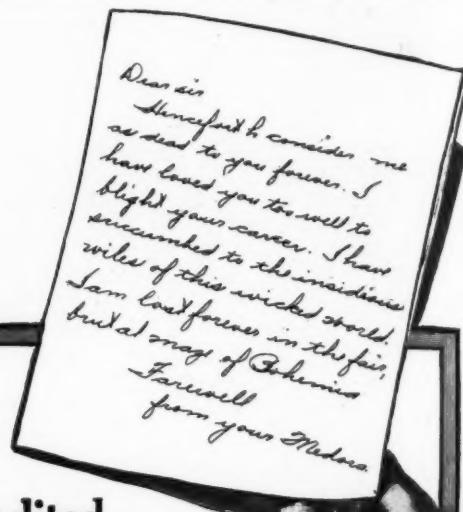
And whenever the German mind clears there will begin to be a chance to stop the war. How wonderful it would seem to think again of Germany as a country no longer mad!

A Strange Omission

IS there to be a child labor exhibit at the Panama Exposition? We have heard of none, although plucky Belgium is, we understand, to be represented there.

Child labor is one of the most important industries in this country. Without it several of our most prominent States would, according to their own admission, have to go out of business. It keeps employed thousands of human beings who, if they are lucky enough to stand it, will eventually grow up and some day or other be citizens of this great Republic, the home of the free, the land of the brave, and the sponsor for child labor.

All this being so, why has such an important feature of our national existence no representative exhibit at such a grand show of our energies as the Pacific Coast is now holding up to view?



"Extradited from Bohemia"

Poor little letter! When Hoskins got it, he set right out for New York City as fast as he could go and—when he got there—But it's all told better by O. Henry in one more of his wonderful stories. 274 of them—about war and love and people—are yours at a little price if you send the coupon at once.

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O. Henry has made another record. Up to the day this page goes to press 1,200,000 volumes have been sold—1,200,000 volumes all over the world—over a million in the United States alone. So big is O. Henry's power—that these books have piled up set on set—volume on volume—reaching steadily and quickly far above the sale of any other short stories in the history of the world.

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Life 2-18-15

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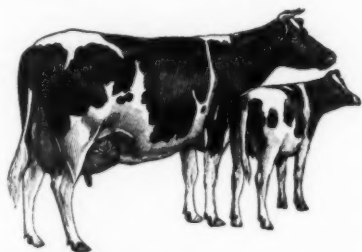
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The same qualities that give it such decided superiority that leading physicians indorse it, are shared by the butter and cheese made from it.

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THE HOLSTEIN-FRIESIAN ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA
14-X American Bldg., Brattleboro, Vermont

Henry Ford on Henry Ford

(Continued from page 290.)

are bound to be misgoverned. Ours is very misgoverned indeed, but there is still elbow-room in it, and nothing that must necessarily restrain a man with yeast in him from expressing himself. Of that Henry Ford is the animated evidence, an encouragement to us all not to think that we are limited by the limitations of legislatures, or judges, or even bankers, nor by all the stupidities of the stupid, nor the imperviousnesses of the wise. Here is a man using a great power, which he got neither by inheritance, nor by favor, nor by vote, but by sheer desert, and using it, so far as he can see the way, to make life more agreeable and people better. Our democratic machinery is not so bad so long as such men can climb out through it. We can stand a great deal of official incompetence and official misrule so long as private competence still has a show.

E. S. Martin.



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\$1.20 will buy 1 lb. of wool.

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\$6.00 will buy chloroform for 50 operations.

\$25.00 will buy chloroform for 200 operations.

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All Cheques should be made payable to HENRY J. WHITEHOUSE, Treasurer

British-American War Relief, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York

Whales

THE whale, like the orator, makes the most noise when nearest the surface of things. When he goes deep you never hear him. Whales spend their time in ocean travel and taking the air. There was once a whale named George Washington. His father had caught a favorite human being and had put him in the refrigerator to keep, when George happened along and swallowed him. George's father, missing Jonah, which was the name of the dainty, suspected George, and took him out into a back ocean current. George thereupon began to weep salt tears, but, with prodigious courage for a whale, said:

"Father, I cannot tell you a tale. I swallowed Jonah with my little swallower."

Whales are used to lubricate sewing-machines, to decorate museums of unnatural history, and to reduce to a pulp a woman's waist-line.

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**Reveries of a Bachelor**

At times beside the cheery blaze,
When care and I are leagues apart,
A gentle phantom steals and lays
A tender hand upon my heart.

Then, nestling closer, beckons where
A smaller phantom laughs and crows.
I wake and wonder: life is fair
And glad and free and—yet, who knows?

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But an Egg Yesterday and a
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At fashionable house-parties, gay week-end gatherings, wherever smart American men assemble for recreation, mellow “Bull” Durham tobacco adds to their enjoyment. It is correct, up-to-date, notably stylish to “roll your own” cigarettes with “Bull” Durham—stamps you as a smoker of experience—and that delicate, distinctive “Bull” Durham fragrance is always very agreeable to the ladies of the party.

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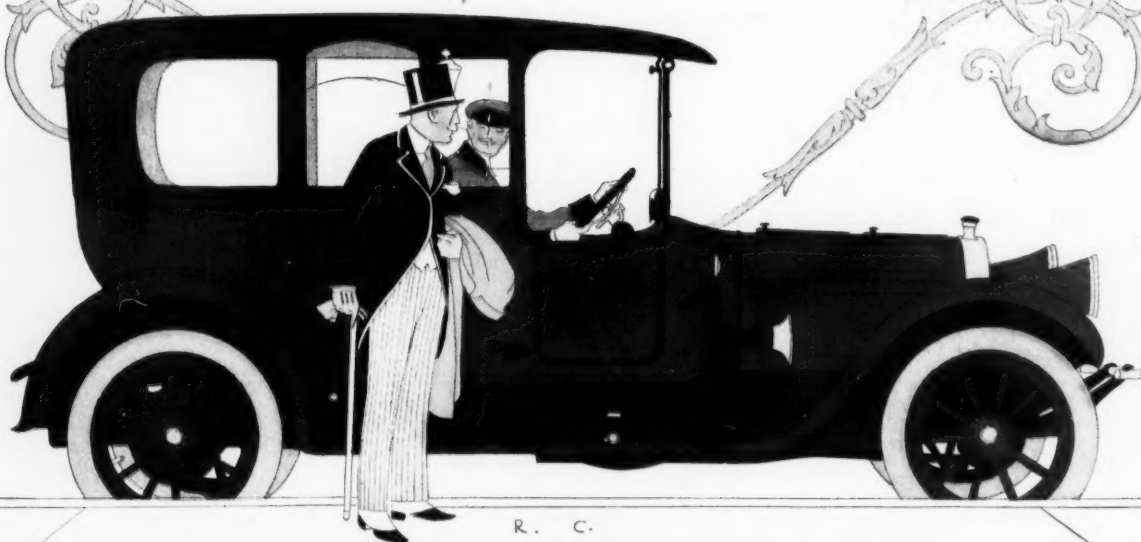
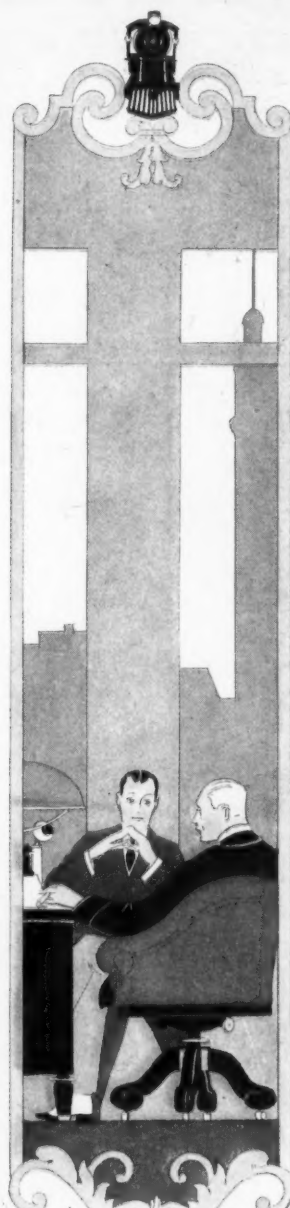
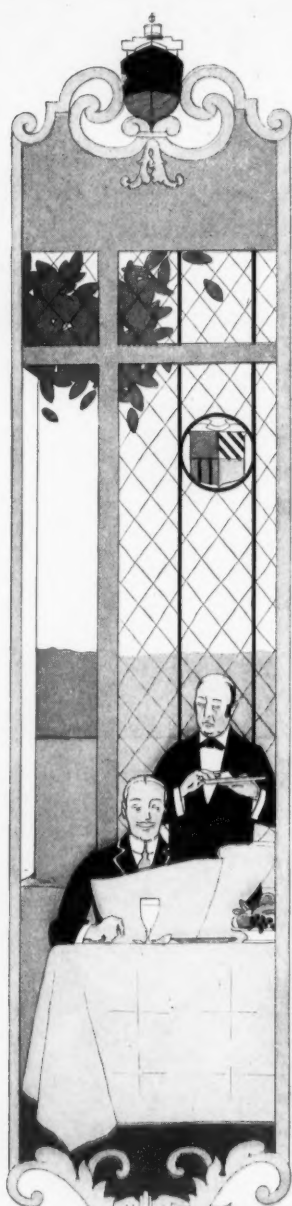


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